



**The Horse.**

## THE BREEDING OF "GENERAL PURPOSE" HORSES.

The horse which farmers refer to as a "general purpose" animal is one whose description will vary somewhat according to the ideas of the party describing him. The main difference, however, will be one of weight, not of the characteristics such a horse should suggest. That horses suitable for ordinary farm work, with the make-up which would meet the requirements of a good carriage team—good size, finely proportioned, stylish and rangy, can breed we do not believe there is any doubt, and if they can be raised is there any class of horses which would meet with a better demand or bring better prices? The question is, how should farmers breed their mares to secure a class of colts which will mature into such horses? There is no doubt, but that the great demand for the services of Cleveland Bay stallions in this State comes from those who wish to raise "general purpose" horses. These horses are few and far between in Michigan, and therefore can not be used by many. What class of stallions should be relied upon to take the place which many believe they are able to fill if available? It looks to us as if good big, clean built trotting bred stallions, sound and free from defects of disposition, if bred to large useful mares, would come nearer producing this class of horses than any other we know of. Speed, of course, is not a consideration with such horses, but they should have a free, easy gait, with good knee action, and they are very likely to get this from a trotting bred sire. As to color, and this is a requirement which must not be overlooked, bays and chestnuts are the most desirable. The weight should be about 1,200 lbs., not over fifty pounds above or below that figure, should stand over 16 hands, have good tails and manes, and shapely heads. Such horses will pull a plow, take a load to market, or put in, look well before a handsome carriage. They have a greater range of usefulness than any other class of horses, and the man who can raise them has a wider and better market, and can get better prices than for any other horses he can breed. Of course absolute soundness is a prime requisite with such horses, and farmers cannot be too particular in selecting a stallion, or in insisting upon his being sound, kind, and bred well enough to insure that he will prove a good sire. A handsome mongrel is a very dangerous horse to breed to, and owners of mares should avoid them no matter how cheap their services may be had.

## THE BEST THOROUGHBREDS OF THE CENTURY.

The London (Eng.) *Sporting Times* last season sent a request to some of the prominent turfmen of Great Britain, that they name the ten best horses which have appeared on the English turf in the present century. Lord Falmouth named Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, Pria, West Australian, Flying Dutchman, Surprise, Harkaway, Touchstone, Cremorne and Gladiautor. Matthew Dawson thinks the ten best were Touchstone, Voltigeur, Flying Dutchman, Stockwell, Thormanby, West Australian, Blair Athol, Gladiautor, St. Simon and Ormonde. John Portor says that Teddington, Virago, Fisherman, West Australian, Gladiautor, Rosecrucian, Iscandy, Robert the Devil, St. Simon and Foxhall were the best of the century. The Hon. Francis Lawley, a well known turf authority, includes Foxhall among the ten best which he has ever seen. So does Mr. James Smith, owner of Roseberry, winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire; and so also does Wm. Day, who adds the names of Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, Monocant, Pria, Blue Gown, Touchstone, Surprise, West Australian and Cruel, as the best he ever saw. John Nightingall includes Foxhall in the best he ever saw. It is notable that so many of the men should include the American Horse Foxhall, and leave out Iroquois, whose victories were more notable than those of Foxhall. Does the fact that Foxhall is now at the head of an English breeding stable, while Iroquois returned to America, have anything to do with the opinion of these men? But, all the same, it is the opinion of most Americans who are interested in thoroughbreds that Foxhall was the better horse and will make the greatest sire.

## HISTORY OF THE CLYDESDALE HORSE.

In an address before a farmers' institute in Wisconsin the past winter, Mr. Alexander Galbraith, of the Galbraith Brothers, Janesville, read a paper on this subject, and from it we take the following extract. It will be noted that much of what is stated of the early history of the breed rests only upon tradition, and that inferences drawn from such supposed facts lack a substantial basis. But the statements are of interest all the same as showing what those who have made the breed a valuable one believe regarding its early history:

The history of the Clydesdale horse proper dates back only to the beginning of the last century, but to the origin of the breed we must go as far back as the year 1066, when William, Duke of Normandy, invaded England, accompanied by the Earl of Flanders and a strong force, mounted on the very finest chargers in the world. These were Flemish horses, said to be descended from a combination of the strong black horse of Flanders, the Arabian bay, and the original Asiatic white horse, and they subsequently became so popular in Great Britain that a century afterward King John imported a number of them into England for the purpose of improving the draft horses of that country. These animals, however, are described as follows: Color, black, with white markings on face and feet, and frequently with all his legs white up to the knees and hocks. He was tall, rangy, muscular, well developed at the vital points, and stood on broad, flat, cordy limbs, which were strongly jointed both above and below, and the back of which were fringed, from the fetlock to the upper end of the cannon bone, with long hair. The dominance of the horse was evident in the short neck and rather clumsy head, but he possessed enough of the blood of the bay to give him the long sloping shoulders, the long arms and thighs, the oblique pasterns, and the splendid style and action for which as a war horse he was distinguished. The abundance of lime in the soil of Flanders con-

tributed liberally to the growth of his osseous framework, and in size and quality of bone he never was and probably never will be exceeded.

Early in the fourteenth century another large importation of these Flemish horses into Britain was made by King Edward III, and in the year 1352 King Edward III granted to William, Earl of Douglas, a free passport to allow his taking ten of these "large horses" from Scotland into his English possessions—the strong probability being that these horses were also of Flemish stock. These stallions were crossed on the native Scotch mares of about thirteen hundred pounds, very much the same as draft stallions are being used on American mares at the present time.

To come now to a much later date it is reported that the Duke of Hamilton brought over from Flanders into the Clydesdale district six black stallions for the purpose of improving the Scotch breed of horses, about the middle of the seventeenth century, but at events it is certain that a Scotch farmer, named John Patterson, Lochielochy, in the upper ward of Latherthwaite and the valley of the River Clyde, brought from England in his tool chest a small Flemish stallion for the use of himself and his neighbors, and from that horse is descended in a straight line the well-known Lumpit's mare, of the noted Glander, alias Thompson's Black Horse, which was foaled about the year 1810. From that time downward a correct record has been kept of nearly all the colts bred in that country till the present day, this being rendered less difficult on account of the comparatively limited area over which the breeding of Clydesdales was carried on during the first half of the present century. The original stock is therefore in all likelihood descended from first of all, the black horse of Flanders, from which he inherits his great strength, size, and quality of bone, from the white horse he retains the markings on face and legs, while from the Arabian bay he partakes in a large degree the color, endurance, and hardiness so characteristic of the breed. There has undoubtedly been a vast improvement effected during the last half century in the breeding of Clydesdale horses, and while the original stock contained the elements of what was really good and substantial, the climate, soil, and pasture of Scotland, and especially of the Clyde valley, were especially favorable to the development of bone, muscle, and general strength and hardiness; but probably the most powerful agencies of improvement are to be found in the careful and judicious selection of the best and most suitable stallions and mares, the result of which is that the modern Clydesdale is a true horse, and stands well before a hand-some carriage. They have a greater range of usefulness than any other class of horses, and the man who can raise them has a wider and better market, and can get better prices than for any other horses he can breed. Of course absolute soundness is a prime requisite with such horses, and farmers cannot be too particular in selecting a stallion, or in insisting upon his being sound, kind, and bred well enough to insure that he will prove a good sire. A handsome mongrel is a very dangerous horse to breed to, and owners of mares should avoid them no matter how cheap their services may be had.

## Horse Gossip.

The Saginaw Herald says that J. A. Willman, of Buena Vista, is the possessor of a Norman stallion colt, three years old in May next, which weighs 1,500 pounds.

The Concord Enterprise says that S. C. Hutchison & Co., of that place, have purchased or George Kenyon, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., the three-year-old standard bred stallion, Idol Boy, 1712, sired by Idol 44, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Bay. Idol Boy is a bright bay, 15½ hands high, and weighs 950 pounds.

Mr. C. C. Pond, of Jackson, has brought in from Kentucky a young stallion sired by Young Jim, dam by Mambrino Patchen.

Mr. N. Hatch, of Jackson, has purchased from E. R. Biund, of Spring Arbor, a bay five-year-old colt sired by Hambletonian Gift, dam by Joe Barker. Price reported at \$500.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD Dictator colt, owned by George N. Hatch, of Jackson, had his leg broken by a kick from another colt. He was valued at \$1,500.

## The Farm.

## Potato Culture.

We make the following extracts from the paper read by Hon. M. T. Cole, of Palmyra, at the Monroe County Farmers' Institute, reported by the Monroe Commercial:

Potato culture is getting to be one of the leading agricultural industries. The farmer who has suitable land and is not too far from the market will find it very profitable to raise several hundred bushels for sale every year. There is play about raising potatoes, and yet it is an interesting crop to raise, especially if they are worth 50¢ or \$1 per bushel. The most suitable soil for raising potatoes is a warm, dry, sandy or gravelly loam, rich in vegetable matter. It is almost useless to attempt raising potatoes on a wet soil unless it is first drained.

Some of our wet, spongy marsh lands that in their present condition are not worth the taxes and are only public nuisances, would readily be worth \$100 per acre, for potato culture, if properly drained. Some of our Lenawee county potatoes are now grown where a few years since the only product was tamarac trees and frogs.

Almost any soil is better for being underdrained. It is better in wet weather and will stand the drought better than land undrained.

You can work it much easier in the spring and it is less difficult to prepare in suitable shape for planting. A good clover sod is very suitable for a potato field. A timothy or June grass sod turned over and planted to corn will make a very nice field for potatoes another year. Potatoes feed heavily on vegetable matter and potash. This is why new land recently turned seems to grow potatoes to perfection.

The main fertilizer at present is barn-yard manure—old rotten manure is much the best, but it is useless to advocate rotten manure, as nearly all farmers draw out their manure either in the spring or fall. The farmer who leaves the droppings in the yard from one year to another is probably too lazy or shiftless a rater potatoes for market.

It is claimed that nitrogenous fertilizers are not suitable for potatoes, and that green barn-yard manure which contains large quantities of nitrogen should not be used for potatoes. Try it thoroughly and you will find out differently.

The ground should be plowed from six to nine inches deep. If it has been plowed deep before, nine inches is none too deep. A thorough fining of the soil is very necessary. One of the main features of potato culture is to get a good start. A fine loose soil is just the kind of bed in which to deposit your seed. Three feet apart is the usual distance for planting. If in drifts, about twelve or sixteen inches in the row is about right, with one piece in a place. If in hills, I think two pieces should be used. I mark the ground about four inches deep, some advocate six inches, but I think four inches deep enough for most kinds of soil.

The Aspinwall planter and perhaps others

are successful in planting large fields, but where only a few acres are planted, the hoe will answer very well. I have used a plank coverer, also a one horse plow. If the ground is mellow and free from weeds, sods and long manure, they will work very well. On the whole I prefer the hoe. I usually cut to two eyes. One eye is sufficient if the ground is rich, warm and mellow. Unless you know the ground is just right, don't trust to one eye. If potatoes are planted in hills perhaps it isn't necessary to cut quite so fine, but I cut just the same for hills as for drills. Seed potatoes should be kept where they will neither wilt nor sprout.

I prefer burying in the ground, then when the ground is frozen cover with long manure and keep them there until you are ready for planting, which for this climate should be about the first of May. In some seasons it will do to plant by the 15th of April, then again the 10th or 15th of May will answer. I know of some instances where potatoes planted in June came out all right, but late planting is not advisable. As to kinds, there are now so many that it would hardly pay to enumerate. All things considered I think the Early Rose was the best potato in my experience. It is the best potato ever put on the market. It has probably had its day. In some localities it is still raised in all its perfection. The Early Ohio is good, and a good yielder, but in many localities it is too apt to be scabby. Clark's No. 1 is very good for early, but seems to be deteriorating. Beauty of Hebron is perhaps the best for family use, but in some localities does not seem to give very good results. The leading market varieties of today are the Burbank, St. Patrick and White Star. They are all similar in color and appearance and all sell for Burbanks. The quality is not as good as many other kinds of potatoes, but they sell, and in raising for market that is the main point. Some claim that they are one variety, but I know that each is a distinct variety. The St. Patrick is the best yielder I ever raised, and gives the most merchantable potatoes from the same amount. Every farmer should experiment occasionally with new varieties even if sometimes he has to pay one dollar per pound. Somebody has to buy these new varieties, else no one would produce them, and soon our seed would be worthless.

After the potatoes make their appearance through the ground the next thing is to keep cultivating and killing bugs. The one is just as essential as the other. They should be cultivated just as soon as they appear above ground—sooner if you can tell where the rows are. They should be cultivated once or twice a week until the tops are nearly large enough to cover the ground. Go through once or twice with a hillier, and if the ground is free from weeds no hoe will be needed. If the ground is weedy the hoe should be used just as soon as the weeds begin to appear.

Water and Paris green is perhaps the most effective method for destroying the Colorado beetle, but I usually use Paris green mixed with gypsum or plaster, about one-half pound of the poison to the bushel of plaster. I prefer this, as the plaster is so beneficial to the growing potatoes. I use an implement called the "Farmer's Favorite" for putting on the mixture. About two applications usually does the work. Sometimes we are obliged to knock them off.

September is the proper time for digging potatoes. Early varieties can be dug when wanted for market. We sometimes use the "Common Sense" digger, but it isn't much ahead of the ordinary hook. I saw a digger at the Tri-State Fair last fall that I think is ahead of anything yet invented. The expense will prevent its coming into general use until it has been thoroughly proven.

Usually the best time to sell potatoes is the fall. If you have secured a hundred bushels the best way (if you have to ship them to market) is to store in large bins in the barn until you are through digging. The bins should be convenient, so you can drive the wagon by the side of them. Use wooden scoops, as they will not cut the potatoes. I have slides in the hind board of our wagon so we can commence scooping out the potatoes without removing the end board. This is a great convenience, both in handling potatoes and corn.

It costs from eighteen to twenty dollars to raise and harvest one acre of potatoes. Usually they pay better than any other farm crop.

It is hardly policy to plant too many kinds of potatoes. Select a variety which seems to suit your soil and market and stick to it until you see it is beginning to deteriorate. The Burbank is considered a good keeper, being usually crisp and fresh in the spring. The White Elephant is a great yielder, but in a wet season somewhat subject to rot.

To fatten a hog on corn, says an agricultural writer, may be all right, but to raise it on corn exclusively is all wrong. Swine require succulent feed; grass, potatoes, apples, slops, middlings, &c.; and clover hay and good corn fodder are excellent in winter. Good corn should be scoured, when they will eat it with great relish. Corn is a food well adapted to make fat, but is one of the poorest feeds to make milk and bone and muscle.

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A KANSAS farmer says he has abandoned the culture of medium and late varieties of corn and taken to raising only early varieties. He says he does not raise quite as large crops.

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April 7, 1888.

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

## Horticultural.

## Rose Culture.

W. H. Spooner, in a paper on the culture of hybrid roses read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, said: "The soils naturally best for roses are those of a somewhat tenacious character, or such as are not likely to dry quickly. Place in the trench a liberal supply of well-rotted manure, with a little ground bone, all to be turned under with a garden fork. In this trench set the plants, and firmly press the soil about the roots—a very important part of the operation."

If it were possible to keep our roses covered from the middle of December to the middle of March with a blanket of snow, what splendid plants we should see in the early spring, instead of the pinched and withered stems that are frequently found! A rose does not like coldness; a uniform cool temperature, free from drying winds, is the most congenial to the plant. In autumn planting there is no danger from drought, whereas in spring, if the weather is dry, newly planted roses suffer from excessive evaporation, though frequent sprinkling will check this in a measure, and if the plants are mulched with manure on the surface, it will tend to prevent excessive drying of the roots.

The next point is the selection of stocks. Plants on their own roots are of slow growth, making very fine roots and requiring from two to three years, or more, to become good substantial plants, equal in strength to those rooted on Manetti stock, at one-third the age. A bed of tea roses should accompany the hybrid perpetuals in every garden, for the purpose of prolonging the blooming term, as the teas are the only perennials. They should be planted in beds in a rather dry position, somewhat shaded from the strong sun, and in regular rows, so that the plants can be covered with soil, leaves or litter for their protection. The best way is to place soil and leaves about the plants in alternate layers; these freeze together and make a solid barrier against the invasions of moles or mice. They will well repay the trouble by a magnificent display of flowers, coming into bloom quite early and continuing until late in autumn.

Having selected our varieties and properly planted them in the fall, drawn the soil nicely about the plants from eight to twelve inches high, and heaped above this either manure or spent hops, as early in April as the ground is dry enough to work freely level off the soil in the rows, covering the manure under as much as possible if it was put on in the fall. In a few days, when the buds have swelled sufficiently to show their condition, the plants should be cut back to the plumpest bud, cutting in the weakest growers so within four or six buds above the ground. Intersecting shoots should also be cut out so as to leave the center of the plant with a free exposure to the air and sun, for it is among these short stems that the red spider and other pests harbor in the summer. For growing large flowers a certain amount of disbudding must be practised. Around the central dower bud will be noticed two or three smaller buds, which must be removed to throw the entire strength into the central bud; then, if properly cultivated, the single stem will carry a splendid flower. Several applications of liquid manure to the roots of the plant (not too strong, about the color of weak tea) a few weeks before the bud opens will have an invigorating effect upon the flowers. This application should be made again after the first crop is over, to give increased strength for the autumn bloom.

As soon as two or three leaves are formed in the spring we must dust or sprinkle them with hellebore, and watch for the worm that ties the tender leaves together, for he will soon be ready to nip the delicate bud. He is easily found by a little attention at the right time, and after overcoming his advances we may expect to gather a harvest of beautiful flowers. The rose-bug will be the next invader, and must be picked off as soon as he appears; last season there were but few with us. The green fly must also be looked for, and hellebore is useless for him, while oil, soap and tobacco steeped together being the only remedy.

We come now to one of the worst drawbacks to satisfactory rose culture, viz., mildew, a peculiar disease which, if neglected for a single day, increases with wonderful rapidity. The last of July and August is the time to be on the watch for it, when cool nights follow warm days; you must then be ready the next morning with your sulphur bellows, for the enemy will surely be there. If all affected leaves could be gathered and burned (which would be quite possible with a small collection) the chances of transmitting the disease would be greatly lessened.

Orange rust or fungus is the reverse, in its action, of mildew, coming from the inside of the leaves and stem. Cutting off the affected branches and burning them is the best remedy; cut freely, as is done for the blight on the pear, but be careful to prevent the rusty powder on the under side of the leaf from scattering to disseminate the disease; and keep the decaying leaves raked up and burned.

Black spot on rose leaves is another form of fungus; no remedy is known except to pick off the leaves and burn them.

## Fertilizer for Gardening.

C. V. Mapes read an essay before the American Institute Club, recently, in which he gave his opinions on the relative values of stable manure and commercial fertilizers.

I have bought a good deal of stable manure at \$1.00 per two-horse loads and considered it cheap. The trouble about such is that there is not enough made of it and it is too expensive to buy. To supplement the home supply we must buy stable or commercial manures. There is no necessity for soil exhaustion, but with proper fertilization we may expect steady improvement. I know a farm of 140 acres carrying eighteen to twenty cattle, which yet receives yearly 80 tons of high grade commercial fertilizers. While a ton of well rotted average stable manure contains about 30 pounds of the more valuable plant food ingredients, the other portion is largely water and organic matter, and valuable only for its mechanical effect and heating properties. The practical value of the plant food varies according to

the crop. Corn, rye and clover, etc., with strong far-reaching root growth and foraging powers, can utilize a considerable proportion during the first season, while the light and dainty feeding crops with limited growth, such as onions and most vegetables, and strawberries, etc., with comparatively short seasons of growth, and requiring large available supplies of plant food within easy reach, can utilize only about one-third of the total plant food in the stable manure. Thus it is that the truck crops must have the enormous quantities of stable manure that are often given them, sometimes as high as \$100 to \$150 worth per acre.

The old system required two or three years to prepare the land for onions by applying large quantities of manure each year in excess of the requirements of the crop grown in order to lay up the necessary supplies of prepared food for the dainty bulb; the plant food in the stable manure being gradually made available and ready for keeping celery will be a good place to keep these roots. I dig a trench for the first row; long roots, to touch each other, against each other, one side of it, then throw a little earth to cover them, then another row of roots, and so on; making a bed six feet wide; the tops appear above the soil and the roots, well covered below, keep perfectly; exposure to the air for a day or two will keep the roots. There is danger of rot if kept too warm; and mice will eat into the roots on the sly; otherwise they will keep till May, if the temperature be below forty degrees. A supply could probably be kept the entire year except through June and July. If the ground should freeze around them some, no harm is done, for the roots live through the winter in the open ground if not grown where the water will stand on the surface after the ground freezes; the roots left over in the ground will sprout as soon as the soil begins to warm, and rapidly grow. People miss it who don't raise their own trees, for by doing so they would get better trees, more hardy, longer lived, and can be raised at home cheaper than they can be bought of the nurserymen.—W. H. Edwards, in *Germantown Telegraph*.

The above is one way of stating the fact that the form in which the plant food exists in the manure is all important. Dr. Laws used fourteen long tons of good stable manure and produced an average of thirty-four bushels of wheat per acre for forty years. Alongside was another plot upon which the equivalent of the plant food in manure was applied in the forms of chemical fertilizers, saw that the nitrogen in the latter was only forty pounds per acre, against nearly 200 pounds per acre in stable manure; yet this produced an average of over thirty-five bushels, wholly due to the more soluble form of the plant food in the chemical fertilizers. The point we wish to make is further illustrated by grass and strawberries. A pretty good strawberry crop is 5,000 quarts, yet that amount contains no more plant food, and in only slightly varying proportions, than half a ton of timothy hay. Almost any poor land will yield the half ton of hay, while 5,000 quarts of strawberries can be obtained on very rich soil. Why? The timothy has a long season for its growth and is a rank, steady feeder. The strawberry is a dainty feeder, has a limited root growth and must do the bulk of its work in a few weeks, from blossoming to fruiting, and then work at high pressure. It is true that after this large crop of strawberries has been grown this land is still in good condition for another year, for the fruit has not begun to consume the plant food in the soil. The same is true of many quick growing, dainty feeding truck crops.

These necessary plant food conditions for growing crops can be secured far more readily, cheaply and profitably in a properly made commercial fertilizer than otherwise, beside effecting a great saving in the expense of handling, freedom from weed seed, securing easy cultivation and insuring the rapid maturity of the crop. Yet this cannot be accomplished by simply applying a mixture of nitrate of soda, sulphate ammonia, dissolved bone black and potash, salts, etc., for the reason that the plant food in such a mixture is not sufficiently varied to meet the varying wants of plants during their ever changing successive stages of growth and varying weather. It is not at present the many particular stages of plant growth each of the many particular forms of plant food is most needed. The best we can do is to copy nature, embodying all the forms of plant food that have been found suited by experience to the wants of the plants. Results so obtained are often surprising, especially with potatoes, provided they have plenty of moisture in the later stages of growth. The great merit in Mr. Carman's trench culture with potatoes that he thus secures a loose, fine tilth not only at the roots, but particularly around the stems where the tubers form. The system checks evaporation, and the depression of the rows turns into the rows much of the rain water falling between them, which would be otherwise wasted. With these conditions and the abundance of soluble food I have seen a yield at the rate of over one thousand bushels per acre, and I see no reason why the same conditions and similar results may not be secured in field culture.

Fruit Growing and Raising.

Almost all sorts of business is done in this country, and a good deal of it is done honestly and on the square. All men who do business thus generally succeed, while some men who are destitute of moral honesty go into business and fail because they need this useful guide. They wrong themselves in trying to do injustice to others. Fruit growing in this country has become an expensive business. The nurserymen no doubt are like all other men—after money. Some think that straightforward dealing with their customers is the better way to obtain it; others by their practice show that honesty in their dealings is not thought of. I once ordered 50 sweet apple trees, and when the agent delivered them I paid him \$12.50, and supposed I was getting what I ordered; but when they came to bear apples they were sour instead of sweet. I told the agent at the time I gave him my order that I had all the sour apples I wanted and more than I could take care of. Since then I have seen the agent and informed him of my disappointment. He notified the company, but as yet they have made no effort to right the wrong and do me justice in the matter.

The quality of vegetables grown on commercial fertilizers seems to be invariably superior to that of those grown on stable manure; with potatoes the result seems to be largely due by the latter providing congenital conditions for insects and noxious disease.

Quality seems to be largely dependent upon the rapidity and healthfulness of growth, and a slow acting manure will most surely produce inferior vegetables, lacking flavor. Peas, beans, radishes, carrots, etc., grown thereon are tough and flavorless, and likewise many fruits. The tender shoots of beans, carrots, etc., depends on quick growth. Asparagus from soil rich in soluble food is full flavored, tender and luscious to the very tips.

## Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.

W. H. Bull, in the *N.Y. Tribune*, says this vegetable is sure to grow with fresh seed, is easily raised, and fairly profitable in market. A soil free from clay or stone can be made suitable, if not too dry; worked to the depth of eight inches and well enriched from year to year such garden soil is usually well-fitted for its culture. Wood ashes are especially beneficial. Straight, smooth roots can be raised only in such deep, well-enriched, moist soil. Mr. Bull has found the Mammoth Sandwich Island salsify the best sort; it reaches an edible size in August, while the old variety remains small as usual, till October. Seed can be placed in the ground early, as it is full as hardy as the onion; and placed in the rows by hand about two inches apart will come up early if the seed be fresh; and requires no training. If planted by drill their peculiar shape will necessitate sowing thickly; in thinning, however, it is active and will decrease his honey crop, if not destroy his colony entirely.

If bees are wintered in a cellar they should remain there, if possible, until some of the early flowers are out, such as the willow, or even later; colonies may have diarrhea, which will be indicated by the spotted condition of the front of the hive, but unless this is very serious it is better to not take them out of the repository.

The idea that a colony may be taken out of winter quarters and allowed a clearing flight upon a fine day, to be again placed in the old quarters at night, has been a very general one, but however much our best

all the mishapen roots, break off the rootlets, take off the dry top and cut the green tops to three inches in length before they are brought into store; this leaves them in good condition for immediate use, or for sale; they also take up less room where stored, and keep in place. Any place suitable for keeping celery will be a good place to keep these roots. I dig a trench for the first row; long roots, to touch each other, against each other, one side of it, then throw a little earth to cover them, then another row of roots, and so on; making a bed six feet wide; the tops appear above the soil and the roots, well covered below, keep perfectly; exposure to the air for a day or two will keep the roots. There is danger of rot if kept too warm; and mice will eat into the roots on the sly; otherwise they will keep till May, if the temperature be below forty degrees. A supply could probably be kept the entire year except through June and July. If the ground should freeze around them some, no harm is done, for the roots live through the winter in the open ground if not grown where the water will stand on the surface after the ground freezes; the roots left over in the ground will sprout as soon as the soil begins to warm, and rapidly grow. People miss it who don't raise their own trees, for by doing so they would get better trees, more hardy, longer lived, and can be raised at home cheaper than they can be bought of the nurserymen.—W. H. Edwards, in *Germantown Telegraph*.

Now, when an energetic man goes into business, he is into it for the profit, consequently he uses all the means he has to make his business a success. The nurserymen grow their trees under the most favorable circumstances, the land being made as rich as good dressing and patent manures can make it. The little tree while it stands in the nursery is under this pressure pushed forward in growth with the greatest possible speed. In this condition the trees are taken up for transplanting, remaining out of the ground some weeks before they are set out. In the first place the trees are overfed to begin with, and then the transplanting and putting them into different kinds of soil, keeping them out of the ground so exposed to the sun, the roots not half moist enough, all this treatment gives the tree such a shock that it takes a long time to rally, and if it does it never becomes so hardy and vigorous as the home growth. People miss it who don't raise their own trees, for by doing so they would get better trees, more hardy, longer lived, and can be raised at home cheaper than they can be bought of the nurserymen.—W. H. Edwards, in *Germantown Telegraph*.

Club-root in Cabbage.

M. Milton, in the *Ohio Farmer*, says: "Two years ago was the first year in which I had club-root in my seedbeds. I was afraid to plant my main crop of late cabbages from these beds, but as I had no other, and had also sold a good many thousands to another market gardener, I cut the clubbed part clean off from the end of the root and then out, also doing the same with those I sold. The result was as fine a crop of cabbages and as free from clubbing as any I ever raised. Last season my best crop of late cabbages was from plants which had the club cut off them when lifted from the seed-bed. This, I think, proves that club-root is not a disease arising from an unhealthy condition of the plant, but from injuries made by some insect, which by its increasing in size uses the plant's food instead of its own development, at the same time so deforming the small roots of the cabbage and so destroying their functions that if the plant does not gradually die it never fully develops into a perfect head. Hereafter I shall not hesitate to plant any club-rooted plant after the swollen part has been removed, the experience of the last two seasons fully convincing me that other conditions being suitable I shall not fail in having a good crop."

Horticultural Notes.

ENTOMOLOGISTS consider the wounds made by the maggots of the flea-beetle upon the roots of cabbage plants the cause of club root in that vegetable.

A VERMONT man has a plum tree which produced six and one-half bushels of plums last season. And the chances are that the tree will not survive this overbearing, or that if it does it will not bear even a moderate crop for several years.

JUDGE MILLER says the chief fault with the Crystal City strawberry is its unproductiveness. He thinks this might be remedied by planting staminate varieties near it, as, though its own stamens are abundant many of them are imperfect.

P. M. AUGER says he prefers getting one great crop of big strawberries to fighting weeds a couple of weeks and getting inferior fruit. He says drainage not only causes better crops but also hastens ripening at least four days.

A MAINE plum-grower says that wherever he sees signs of black knot he cuts it out promptly, and then liberally fertilizes the tree, inducing a healthy growth, and checking the ravages of the disease.

The Martha crab-apple is a new aspirant for popular favor. It is a seedling of the Duchess of Oldenburg, raised by P. M. Gideon, of Minnesota, who considers it a decided acquisition to our list of crabts. It is said to be larger than the Transcendent, which it closely resembles.

G. W. CAMPBELL of Delaware, Ohio, says he considers the Woodruff, the red grape originated at Ann Arbor, as one of the finest of that color, having more of the characteristics of a first-class market variety than any other red grape, and believes that it will be, in red grapes, what the Niagara and Pocklington are among white and the Concord among black sorts.

RELATIVE to the old story about clearing the elm trees of the beetle which preys upon them by boring holes in the trees, filling them with flowers of sulphur and plugging them up again, Prof. Lintner says repeated experiments fail to show any benefit whatever from the use of the reputed remedy. The insects disappeared simply because they had matured and sought suitable places for pupation, not because, as the advocates of the idea thought, the sulphur was taken up by the sap and carried into the leaves, making them distasteful to the beetles. Sulphur, says Prof. Lintner, cannot enter into the circulation unless it is dissolved, and we know that it is not dissolvable by the sap of plants. Mr. Isaac Wicks, of New York, having placed a quantity of sulphur in some peach trees as a remedy for the yellow, on cutting up the trees five years thereafter, found it still remaining in the cavities in its original condition.

Spring Work in the Apiary.

A specialist in the *Canadian Advocate*, says:

The season in which it is most difficult to manage bees is upon us, and the beginner is apt to make blunders which will decrease his honey crop, if not destroy his colony entirely.

If bees are wintered in a cellar they should remain there, if possible, until some of the early flowers are out, such as the willow, or even later; colonies may have diarrhea, which will be indicated by the spotted condition of the front of the hive, but unless this is very serious it is better to not take them out of the repository.

The idea that a colony may be taken out of winter quarters and allowed a clearing flight upon a fine day, to be again placed in the old quarters at night, has been a very general one, but however much our best

apiarists may differ upon vital questions, upon this they almost if not entirely one. A colony loses by such treatment. By keeping colonies in proper quarters through the changeable spring, when it may be bright, warm and tempting to the bees outside one moment, and raw and chilly enough another to cause the loss of all bees away from the hive, much is gained.

Bees upon your summer stands may be examined if they appear to be weak and short of stores; if you are satisfied they are not, leave them alone. See that the entrances are kept clear, and if there are many dead bees upon the entrance board, you may upon a fine day when bees are flying, assist them in their house-cleaning operations, by pulling them dead bees out with a bent wire.

Avoid the exposure of any honey or any manipulation of hives that might tend to start bees into robbing. Of robbing, the inexperienced bee-keeper is perhaps more afraid than the experts are; all dread it after it has been commenced. By having the hive-entrances facing the prevailing spring winds, there is less liability to rob, the scent of honey, if any, is at the back of the hive, being driven by the wind in that direction; if the opposite way, it is at the front and only an additional guide to the bees to enter at the front; if at the back they can get no entrance even if they find their way there. If a colt has not lost all fight, instead of contracting the entrance, leave it open, and this method is especially to be recommended if robbery has not yet commenced, and as a preventive.

C. DADANT, in a late copy of the *American Bee Journal*, springs a couple of new terms in apiculture upon his unsuspecting associates. These words were "eke" and "nadir." These are terms used in England and are defined by the *Bee Journal*. An "eke" is a small additional half story placed under a hive to add to its capacity. A "nadir" is a wavy story placed under the brood-chamber for the same purpose.

A. DEAN, of Berrien Centre, wintered an apiary of 77 colonies with great success, losing but two of the number.

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

*This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.*

## STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

*Schedule of Dates Claimed and Place Where Held.**Below we give the dates at which sales of thoroughbred stock will be held in this State, so far as we have been notified, Stockmen who intend holding sales this spring should send in dates at once.**APRIL 12—Agricultural College, Mich., Short-horn'd Herdstock cattle.**APRIL 12—Fred S. Smith, Somerset, Shorthorn cattle.**APRIL 19—Geo. W. Arms, Portland, Iowa Co., Herefords.**APRIL 25—Tousley & Seeler, Pontiac, Mich., Shorthorn cattle.**MAY 2—Homer Brooks, Wixom, Shorthorns.**JUNE 5—D. Henning, Wheatfield, Calhoun Co., Shorthorn and Hereford cattle.**JUNE 7—E. Boyden and Wm. Ball, Delhi Mills, Shorthorn cattle.*

## WHEAT.

*The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 33,778 bu., against 20,651 bu. the previous week, and 130,675 bu. for corresponding week in 1887. Shipments for the week were 29,280 against 8,390 bu. the previous week and 26,513 bu. the corresponding week in 1887. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,421,571 bu., against 1,434,611 bu. last week, and 2,078,873 bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on March 24 was 34,384,476 bu. against 35,437,544 the previous week, and 51,585,985 for the corresponding week in 1887. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,055,668 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 17,201,595 bu.**The principal feature in the wheat market is its continued weakness. The situation is a surprising one to most dealers, who, as one expressed it, are "bulls" on theory but "bears" on facts. The outlook is certainly favorable for a sharp upward movement, but the truth is business is paralyzed by lack of confidence in the future. In all branches of trade and manufacture there is a feeling of uncertainty which is boding no good to the country. Trade was active and labor generally employed, not in striking, but in a productive capacity, we feel certain breadstuffs would be selling much higher. The tendency up to Thursday in the wheat market was downwards; yesterday there was a slight reaction in all the principal markets, but the reaction was not strong and the close was rather dull. Chicago and New York reported a slight gain; Liverpool was steady with fair demand.**The following table exhibits the daily closing price of wheat in this market from March 10th to April 6th, inclusive:*

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
White.	Red.	Red.
11	11	11
12	12	12
13	13	13
14	14	14
15	15	15
16	16	16
17	17	17
18	18	18
19	19	19
20	20	20
21	21	21
22	22	22
23	23	23
24	24	24
25	25	25
26	26	26
27	27	27
28	28	28
29	29	29
30	30	30
31	31	31
1	1	1
2	2	2
3	3	3
4	4	4
5	5	5
6	6	6

*For No. 2 red we closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:*

May.	June.	July.
8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2
8 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4
8 5/8	8 5/8	8 5/8
8 7/8	8 7/8	8 7/8
8 9/8	8 9/8	8 9/8
8 11/8	8 11/8	8 11/8
8 13/8	8 13/8	8 13/8
8 15/8	8 15/8	8 15/8
8 17/8	8 17/8	8 17/8
8 19/8	8 19/8	8 19/8
8 21/8	8 21/8	8 21/8
8 23/8	8 23/8	8 23/8
8 25/8	8 25/8	8 25/8
8 27/8	8 27/8	8 27/8
8 29/8	8 29/8	8 29/8
8 31/8	8 31/8	8 31/8
8 33/8	8 33/8	8 33/8
8 35/8	8 35/8	8 35/8
8 37/8	8 37/8	8 37/8
8 39/8	8 39/8	8 39/8
8 41/8	8 41/8	8 41/8
8 43/8	8 43/8	8 43/8
8 45/8	8 45/8	8 45/8
8 47/8	8 47/8	8 47/8
8 49/8	8 49/8	8 49/8
8 51/8	8 51/8	8 51/8
8 53/8	8 53/8	8 53/8
8 55/8	8 55/8	8 55/8
8 57/8	8 57/8	8 57/8
8 59/8	8 59/8	8 59/8
8 61/8	8 61/8	8 61/8
8 63/8	8 63/8	8 63/8
8 65/8	8 65/8	8 65/8
8 67/8	8 67/8	8 67/8
8 69/8	8 69/8	8 69/8
8 71/8	8 71/8	8 71/8
8 73/8	8 73/8	8 73/8
8 75/8	8 75/8	8 75/8
8 77/8	8 77/8	8 77/8
8 79/8	8 79/8	8 79/8
8 81/8	8 81/8	8 81/8
8 83/8	8 83/8	8 83/8
8 85/8	8 85/8	8 85/8
8 87/8	8 87/8	8 87/8
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8 215/8	8 215/8	8 215/8
8 217/8	8 217/8	8 217/8
8 219/8	8 219/8	8 219/8
8 221/8	8 221/8	8 221/8
8 223/8	8 223/8	8 223/8
8 225/8	8 225/8	8 225/8
8 227/8	8 227/8	8 227/8
8 229/8	8 229/8	8 229/8
8 231/8	8 231/8	8 231/8
8 233/8	8 233/8	8 233/8
8 235/8</		

Hannington, la., shortly after middle of the month, the bridge over the stream having been washed out by the falls, there being nothing to indicate danger, than train plunged, at speed, into six feet of water. Nine bodies were recovered, and 30 persons more or less injured. The 30 passengers in the car, who were rescued, had great difficulty, owing to the rushing water. The engineer was killed, and the engine lies entirely under water.

Relative to the resolution of the Pennsylvania conference of the M. E. Church, which condemned the government for excluding their native sons from Indian schools and training institutions to be given in England, President Cleveland says nothing can be more consistent than the requirement, since the object in educating these wards of the nation is to make citizens of them and they are taught in our language. He intimates that present policy will be adhered to.

Jacob Sharp, "the great hoodlum," died at New York on the 5th, of a complication of diseases and worry over his legal troubles. It will be remembered he was sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and be imprisoned for State prison for two years, but was granted a new trial and released on bail. His defense was that the aldermen of the city council who could be "approached" to grant him a franchise for a street railway through Broadway, New York's thriving thoroughfare, where the road was quite too narrow to accommodate the traffic.

On Sunday last the bull-ring at Celaya, Mexico, was the scene of an animated bull-fight, viewed by several thousand spectators. A company of army deserters who had been gathered at the arena prior to the trial, were forced to attend under guard. One of them struck a match and lighted one of the red mats which lined the sides of the amphitheatre. The fire caused a panic among the spectators, who were informed that many were lost and 50 bruised, crushed and trampled upon. The bulls broke loose and added to the panic by charging upon the terrified spectators. It is characteristic of Mexican chivalry that not a man lost his life, all the sufferers were women.

The Anti-Trust Company of Canada has recently organized at Iasi, and the Dominion can brag that it has as big and as "blasted" a monopoly as the Standard Oil Company of the United States. The Trust has gathered all the valuable property in the Arctic and Central Provinces, the only ones still in Canada except those near the Pacific coast, and also owns the patents for refining oil, and the charter of the Dominion pipe line company, under which it is believed they have large machine shops at Sarnia, and a manufacturer of mining machinery in great demand in newly-developed Canadian mines, and also a silver mine as a side issue. Taken altogether, if the Trust don't own the earth it owns pretty near everything under it in Canada that is of any value.

## Foreign.

A new French ministry has been formed. Those posted in French politics give it three months to live.

The Grand Vizier of Bokhara has been murdered by a native. The assassin and his accomplices were hurled from a tower a few hours ago.

It is estimated that fifty persons committed suicide at Monte Carlo, the famous gambling hell on the Continent, during the first three months of this year.

Negotiations looking to peace between the Italian forces and those of King John of Abyssinia have fallen through. The heat in Massawa is intense, and the Italian troops are suffering from typhus fever.

The Moorish government demands to accede to the terms of the United States with reference to the persons who were arrested and whose property was confiscated by the Moors at Tawier. Fears are entertained that Uncle Sam will have to give these saucy Arabs a drubbing.

There is considerable excitement in diplomatic circles at Berlin over the possibility of marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia to Prince Alexander of Battenburg. From a political point of view the proposed marriage is an impossibility, as Russia's confidence in Germany would be shaken to the base if the German antagonist were to become the son-in-law of the German Emperor.

A new Grange established at Mansfield, Ohio. The Aultman & Taylor Company, Manufacturers of Horse Powers, Separators, Engines and Saw Mills. Their machines sold direct to you and the farmer midman's profit (\$40 to \$50) deducted from the price of the machinery. See advertisement in this paper.

AUCTION SALE  
— OF —

Registered Herefords

Will offer for sale at my farm, three miles west of Portland, Ionia County, Mich.

THURSDAY, April 19th,

12 head, mostly young cows and heifers. The offerings will embrace only an male or female, combined with good breeding. Young cattle will be offered at \$100 per head, with such bulls as Red cloud 4th (Vol. 20) 7389; Thordale Duke 3297; and imp. Grand Duke of Arabella, all of the highest Bates score. W. H. Brown will sell at same time 4 Grigsby Crags, as above, and 10 highly Bates top d. Marys, superior cattle individually. For catalogues write.

See advertisement of French Coach Horses in another column of this paper.

GEO. W. ARMS.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE  
— OF —

SHORTHORN CATTLE

I will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION ON

Wednesday, May 2nd '88

At the farm, four miles from Wixom, the junction of the L. & N. and T. A. & G. Railways, and 1½ miles from the village of Brookings, together with a draft of Ten head fr. fr. the herd of the Young Mary, Heirloom, Pompeii, Royal, Shropshire and other families. Apply for catalogues to

HOMER BROOKS,

Wixom, Mich.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

## IMPORTANT

Two Days' Sale!

— OF —

BATES SHORTHORNS

— ON —

TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1888,

AT DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO,

where will be sold the entire HADFIELD HERD, the compactest, best-bred, and most improved in the country.

Bartington, Kirkleevingtons, and Crags.

For catalogues address

W. H. GIBSON,

Niagara Stock Farm, Buffalo, N. Y.

C. L. J. W. JUDY, Auctioneer.

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 2d, 1888,

At Dexter Park, Chicago,

where will be sold the entire HADFIELD HERD, the compactest, best-bred, and most im-

proved in the country.

Bartington, Kirkleevingtons, Crags,

Gwynnes, and Cambrias.

For particular address.

S. DOUGLAS CORNELL,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

C. JUDY Auctioneer.



THIS DOLLAR GOES TO BUY PENIN CARRIAGE PAINT

OF THE WOODSIDE HERD OF HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

BY TOUSEY & SEELEY.

On the grounds of the Oakland County Agricultural Fair, Pontiac, Mich., on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25th, 1888

For exhibition, partnership and the sale of the Woodside herd to the breeders and farmers of Michigan one of the best opportunities ever offered in the State to procure strictly first-class stock.

The PENINSULAR Paints are a great improvement upon all others heretofore offered for sale. Send for Sample Cards.

PENINSULAR WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS

Farrand, Williams & Co., Gen'l Agents,

DETROIT, MICH.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

DISPERSION SALE

OF THE WOODSIDE HERD OF

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

BY TOUSEY & SEELEY.

I am running as fast as I can to get a dollar's worth of

Peninsular Carriage Paint

to repaint my old buggy and make it look like new. It is prepared in jet black and eight handsome shades; it dries quickly, with a hard, beautiful finish and needs no rubbing or varnishing. Another dollar will buy

Peninsular Floor Paint,

which dries hard over night and will not wash off.

Peninsular Domestic Paints

for family use are convenient and economical, prepared in twenty fashionable colors.

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## Poetry.

## TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;  
They leaned soft cheeks together there,  
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.  
O, budding time!  
O, love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal steep:  
The bells made happy carolings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,  
While petals on the pathway swept.  
O, pure-eyed bride!  
O, tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;  
Two hands above the head were locked;  
These pressed each other while they rocked!  
Then watched a life that love had sent.  
O, solemn hour!  
O, hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:  
The red light shone about their knees,  
On heads that rose by slow degrees  
Like buds upon the lily sprout.  
O, patient life!  
O, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;  
The red light shone about their knees:  
But all the heads by slow degrees  
Had gone and left the lonely pair.  
O, voyage fast!  
O, vanished past!

—George Eliot.

## BEFORE THE RAIN.

The blackcap pipe among the reeds  
And there'll be rain to follow;  
There is a murmur of wind  
In every canon and hollow;

The wrens do chatter of their fears  
While swinging in the barley ears.

Come, hurry, while there yet is time,  
Pull up the carpet hounds,

No, hurry, as my love is thine,

There is a drop upon it.

So trip it ere the storm has weird

Both pluck the barley by the beard!

Lo! not a whit too soon we're housed;

The storm-witch yells above us;

The branches rap'g on the pane;

Seem not in truth to love us,

And look where through the clover bush,

The nimble footed rain doth rush!

—Harper's

## Miscellaneous.

## CONQUERING A QUAKE.

"I would offer to help you, Edith, only I don't know what you mean to take," said Helena Marvin, looking into the room where her sister was packing.

"Take!" said Edith, hardly pausing to answer as she moved about the open trunks from closet and bureau, "why, I'm going to take everything."

"Don't you mean to make any concessions?"

"Not a concession."

"You think it will be better to defy them?"

"Defy them! no, indeed! what a horrible idea!"

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"I mean to please them."

"But how can you possibly please them if you wear silk dresses and curl your hair?"

"I don't know; perhaps I sha'n't; but I'm going to try. And I know I never should please anybody if I left my hair straight;" and the pretty Cambridge belle thought to herself that it would be a pity, indeed, if she, who had always pleased everybody without trying, could not please Robert's relatives if she did try.

But this visit to Robert's relatives was naturally contemplated with even more than the usual trembling excitement of the young fiancee. For Robert's father and mother and sisters were all Quakers, with traditions and beliefs and customs according to which they ought to contemplate with horror and distress this union of their only son and brother with a worldling! Such a fascinating combination of laughing eyes and merry lips and curling hair and tinkling bangles and rustling long silk skirts and coquettish bonnets and bewildering laces and ribbons and little slippers. Oi dear! oh, dear! how they would hate her! And Edith did not want them to hate her. She had not the slightest desire to defy or to horrify them. She was very anxious, indeed, to please them. But combined with this anxious desire to please, was a quite unconscious, though equally firm, determination not to win their affection by concessions. Not so much the bow of a slipper would she offer up on the shrine of devotion to Robert's relations. Worldly she was; worldly she would be sure to remain; and it was best that they should understand from the first that she was thoroughly addicted to silk, satin and lace whenever she could get it. But she had a faint hope that, once brought in contact with her worldliness, they would find it pleasanter than they thought. Why not? She had conquered Robert; why should she not conquer them? Robert had not fallen in love with her in spite of her airs and graces; he had fallen in love with the airs and graces themselves. He had often told her so. He had repeatedly pointed out the particular little curl over her adorable forehead that had first won his attention, and had assured her that it was a certain bit of lace about her throat that had completed his subjugation. And that dear little curl was not only a curl, but it was a boughten curl, held in its place by hairpins, and as fictitiously worldly as a curl could possibly be. True, Robert was not exactly a Quaker; he was only a descendant of Quakers. He had not definitely renounced the world, although there clung to him, from the force of heredity and training and circumstance, a certain grave demeanor and atmosphere of earnestness. He did not dance; he did not even want to dance; but he did not exactly disapprove of other people dancing if anybody did choose to indulge in so foolish a caprice; and on the evening when he had been lured by a friend to one of the Cambridge "Assemblies," and had met there his immediate, unquestionable, irresistible, worldly little fate, he had even felt suddenly a sort of impotent rage with himself at not being able to dance. True, he didn't want to dance any more

than he ever did; but then, she wanted to dance, and how could he ever please her if he couldn't do exactly the things she did? Still, he had pleased her, and with very little effort; for the quiet, earnest youth was tall and very handsome, and would graduate with honors; in consideration of which attractions his earnestness might easily be forgiven, even, indeed, if the earnestness itself had not a certain charm of its own, as at least a novelty. So, if Robert had pleased her, and she had pleased Robert, unlike each other as they were, and everybody acknowledged that it was a perfect love match on both sides, why might it not be possible that she would please Robert's relations? though not so much as a slipperbow would she sacrifice from her pleasant worldliness to secure that much-to-be-de-sired result.

As it chanced, a test of her resolution in this respect was offered immediately. Mrs. Marvin and Edith had hardly been shown to their chamber, after their arrival at the Longworth home, before Edith opened her travelling-bag and exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Mamma, my slate pencil is all broken to bits, and my crimpes are all out of curl. Whatever shall I do? Oh, I know! Esther said she would be in the next room if I wanted anything."

In another minute she was tapping at Esther's door.

"I am so sorry to trouble you, but my slate-pencil is all broken to bits in my bag. Could you let me have one of yours?"

"Thee would like a slate-pencil?" said Robert's serene sister, with evident bewilderment.

"Yes, for my crimpes, you know. They are all out of curl, and so tumbled that I can't possibly go down stairs looking so."

"But could thee not comb them out? I could lend thee a comb to comb them out."

"I could, of course, but you've no idea what a fright I am without my crimpes. Robert never saw me with my hair straight, and I know he would hate to have his mother see me unless I was looking my very, very best. Of course, you know, I have another bang in my trunk," Edith made this frank confession with a wild instinct that it would be best for Robert's relatives to know the worst at once, so that any possible concessions to be made afterward, though she would not yet acknowledge the possibility of concessions, would strike them in the light of unexpected improvement, "but my trunk hasn't come, and so if you can lend me a pencil!"

"I—I am afraid I have no slate-pencil," faltered Esther.

"Well, a pipe would do; haven't you a pipe-hand? just a common white pipe such as the children have for soap bubbles, you know."

"If thee will wait a moment, I will see, said the discreet Esther.

Edith in the meantime made her way back to her own room and waited in suspense, while Esther went down stairs, questioning her conscience, and yet very loth to disappoint the little witch who was depending upon her. She had made up her mind to be very tolerant of the worldliness of Robert's fiancee, but to be suddenly called upon to aid and abet her in it, was almost more than could be reasonably expected of her, even by Robert. And yet it would be so unfortunate to begin the visit with a family jar! She had a terrible consciousness that there was a pipe in the house—Richard, her little nephew, had had it for soap bubbles only the week before—and to tell a lie, even a white lie, and permit herself to be unable to find it, was something more terrible to Esther's conscience than even conniving at a curl. As it happened, however, she really could not find it. Hera was certainly sufficient excuse for going back empty-handed; and yet, and yet—when she came to the foot of the stairs, Esther, instead of going up, turned aside into the kitchen.

"Bridget, could thee spare a moment to cross to the corner grocery and get me a pipe—a common white clay pipe?"

"A pipe is it?" said the wondering Bridget.

"Yes, Bridget; a pipe; a pipe for—  
blowing soap-bubbles," stammered Esther.

"Thee knows, Bridget—a pipe such as Richard had for his play."

"Yes, I know," said Bridget, wiping her hands on her apron, and then removing the apron. "And is it soap bubbles they do be wantin' to blow already? Faith, I'll send 'em up a plate full for dinner."

"Edith has won her first battle," wrote Mrs. Marvin to her husband that evening.

"For Robert's father and mother and sisters were all Quakers, with traditions and beliefs and customs according to which they ought to contemplate with horror and distress this union of their only son and brother with a worldling! Such a fascinating combination of laughing eyes and merry lips and curling hair and tinkling bangles and rustling long silk skirts and coquettish bonnets and bewildering laces and ribbons and little slippers. Oi dear! oh, dear! how they would hate her! And Edith did not want them to hate her. She had not the slightest desire to defy or to horrify them. She was very anxious, indeed, to please them. But combined with this anxious desire to please, was a quite unconscious, though equally firm, determination not to win their affection by concessions. Not so much the bow of a slipper would she offer up on the shrine of devotion to Robert's relations. Worldly she was; worldly she would be sure to remain; and it was best that they should understand from the first that she was thoroughly addicted to silk, satin and lace whenever she could get it. But she had a faint hope that, once brought in contact with her worldliness, they would find it pleasanter than they thought. Why not? She had conquered Robert; why should she not conquer them? Robert had not fallen in love with her in spite of her airs and graces; he had fallen in love with the airs and graces themselves. He had often told her so. He had repeatedly pointed out the particular little curl over her adorable forehead that had first won his attention, and had assured her that it was a certain bit of lace about her throat that had completed his subjugation. And that dear little curl was not only a curl, but it was a boughten curl, held in its place by hairpins, and as fictitiously worldly as a curl could possibly be. True, Robert was not exactly a Quaker; he was only a descendant of Quakers. He had not definitely renounced the world, although there clung to him, from the force of heredity and training and circumstance, a certain grave demeanor and atmosphere of earnestness. He did not dance; he did not even want to dance; but he did not exactly disapprove of other people dancing if anybody did choose to indulge in so foolish a caprice; and on the evening when he had been lured by a friend to one of the Cambridge "Assemblies," and had met there his immediate, unquestionable, irresistible, worldly little fate, he had even felt suddenly a sort of impotent rage with himself at not being able to dance. True, he didn't want to dance any more

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This is a specimen of a Florida "cracker's" invitation to a stranger, belated in the "hummocks," and a description of those peculiarly named spots of country:

"You all've had a right poor spell, stranger, but tote yourself down yon, dis yer way, ter my cabin an' make thy night with me. Hi'l's a tolible chance from dis yer, jest 'bout much as nigh twenty nights (nearly a mile), I reckon, an' we kaint git that sundown unless we move pow'ful lively."

The early February night came on apace

as we threaded the dense hammock with its thicket of palmetto, bay, black gum, ironwood and wahoo, plentifully bearded with Spanish moss and entangled with a sub-tropical wealth of underbrush and vines, narrow, shadowy arched occasionally led back into the gloomy forest depths, the luxuriant foliage and strange forms of vegetation, the wild tangles of creepers and vines, and the outer stringers of moss swaying silently in the still solitudes, combining to make uncanny pictures which the imagination even of a Dore could not have conceived of. At times the thick greenery was

Dear me, mamma, it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. I meant to look like a friend, and after all it's rather effective. If I were dressed for private theatricals I should think myself immense. Oh, dear! suppose they should like me best this way after all?"

It was a sorrowful blow to her hopes on this trump card to find herself still exceedingly pretty. She was pretty conscious of a certain piquant charm in her novel appearance that might undo her after all. Still she would run the risk. She was a perfect little actress. If anything had been needed to effect Robert's complete subjugation, after his first vision of her loveliness at the Harvard Assemblies, it was supplied when he saw her the week after in some private theatricals. She could appear to be a Quakeress just as effectively as she could act her more natural self in a very different world; and it was with face and accent and manner perfectly adapted to her new toilet that she quietly entered the parlor again after her escapade upstairs, and said demurely to Robert's mother:

"Rachel, would thee like me to wear this gown tomorrow evening for thy friends?"

There was a subdued whistle of delight from the reconstructed Robert in the corner. But Robert's mother gave no sign.

"Thee must wear just what thee pleases, Edith. If it pleases thee better to wear thy gown of red silk?"

And the wise Edith understood human nature well enough to be sure that "Rachel" would not be altogether disappointed if her future daughter-in-law should reconsider her toilet and reappear in the dainty gowns she had been exhibiting for the past fortnight.

"And what does Samuel think?" Edith asked, passing on to stand before Robert's father.

"Samuel thinks," said the old gentleman, slyly, "that thee had better ask Robert."

"Oh, no, papa Samuel; that would not be any test at all; thee knows perfectly well that Robert likes me in anything," said Robert's fiancee, demurely.

"And so do I like thee in anything," said papa Samuel, with unexpected gallantry.

"But I think I like thee best, Edith, in red."

She knew we Quakers like to follow the way that is most simple and natural, and I think red is the most natural for thee. I think thee must have been born in that red silk of thine. Thee is very sweet to me, my child, in this Quaker gray; but we Quakers, thee knows, do not approve of theatricals, and I think to-night thee is trying to play a part. Thee acts it very prettily, Edith, but I advise thee to go back to nature and thy red gown."

So the battle was won, and the result proved that Edith was quite able to conquer, not only Robert's relations, but Robert's relations' friends. When, a year later, she came back to them again as a bride, there was but one thing left for her to conquer. Robert had prepared her for a possible visit from elderly friends who might think it their duty to remonstrate with her, or with him, on this very worldly marriage, and it was, in truth, hardly a month before he ran upstairs one afternoon as she was dressing, with the announcement that the probable counsellors were taking off their overcoats in the hall.

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## A "Cracker" Cabin.

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## A HUSBAND'S WAIL.

Dear Genevieve, you were so sweet when first you gave your hand to me, so charming, love; from head to feet You were a perfect symphony The pretty bang upon your brow, The dainty ribbon's that yo a wore— I shut my eyes and see them now; Thus memory doth the past restore.

To see a maiden half so fair One weary miles would have to go; You were so neat, and in your hair You used to have a Jaquemint.

I see you tripping down the lane With pretty slippers feet again; You used to come in shine or rain— My wife, you were my sweetheart then.

The collar that you wore was clean Fresh from the laund, I shou d guess; You came to me with smiling me A vision rare of loveliness.

To day around the house you go; Your slip, ers down at heel appear; Your hair has not a Jaquemint— I think it needs a comb, my dear.

"Oh, Margaret! Why did you not speak of this?"

"I could not. It seemed meddlesome. I was not even sure I was right. But all that is gone now, and I am so glad."

"Maurice," said Mrs. Worden, thoughtfully, "has been the sweetest, best boy this last six months that a mother could ask for."

"And the Literary club," Margaret resumed, "and the Charity union, and the calls, and the shopping—yes, and the new books, and the questions—I was half jealous of them all the time, though they were so good and pleasant. They did intervene. They kept you hours away from home, or took up much time when you were there. All that time the children were among servants—young children, that have such active minds. My dear, I know I'm only a foreboding anxious old maid; but when I read in the paper the stories that shock us so, about girls who have been reared in wealth and position, and elope with their servants, I think me that there is a simple reason back of every wonder. If a girl through many hours of her early life has found her best comfort and entertainment from some good-natured cook, or coachman, or gardener, why should we think like associations would prove repulsive to her afterward? Don't you remember what a fascination for you Jessie that slim, handsome mulatto, Jim, had?"

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!"

"I know; but I shivered to see her hovering about the butler's pantry whenever she could escape Elsie. He had some monkey tricks and little songs and stories that appealed to her imagination and delighted her. You yourself told me, laughing, how when John was to be away one evening, and Jessie heard you say you would be lonely, she replied: 'Send for Jim, mamma; he's real good company. I love him.'"

"But she was only six years old; a little child."

"Yes, but it seems to me even a child of six who has always been her mother's companion would have felt relationships better than that."

"Why did you not speak, Margaret?"

"I could not then. I can now. The danger is over now. Helen, be thankful with me that your work is right at home, where your little girls are, where they may learn to help you in it and be close to you."

"Helen drew a long breath, but she did not speak."

"And now, but I loved to think you enjoyed them. Now I have brought you to this little, stuffy house, with the children all over it. You can hear their noise from morning till night. There is no Else to keep them in the nursery, or to take them off for a airing. They'll torment the life out of you."

"No," said Margaret, "my life will never go that way."

"But everything is so different. You saw Bridget. It is so different keeping house with her from what it used to be with the three nice maids I had. Indeed, I do my best, Margaret, but you saw how it was at dinner. We gave up all our real silver. John would, you know; and we kept only a partly broken set of china. The table doesn't look like it used to."

"Never mind, dear. Indeed I don't think that."

"No," said Mrs. Worden, mournfully. "But I can't give you much of myself this time. I have to be busy every minute till the children are in bed. I ought to be sewing now. We can't have any nice talks over book and questions, you know. I hardly know such things exist. My mind is full of nothing but housework and children. I've given up the Literary club and the Charity union, and I can't make calls. Those nice people you used to like to meet I seldom see now. I've just dropped out of their way. I can't give any nice reception for you as we had last year."

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"And now, but I do not need them. You look so firm and active, and you have such color in your cheeks. Forgive me, dear, but I noticed the mouthfuls you took between spreading the baby's bread and cutting Mabel's meat and helping me, and I saw that you were hungry."

"I don't want it, you know I don't."

"When I sent for you last week I was feeling as if I could not face New Year's with you. When I think of all the change one little year has brought it seems like a nightmare. Everything pleasant went at once. It was hardest to lose our country house. We both loved it; it was so sweet and airy out there, and we had such lovely neighbors. When I looked forward to spending the whole summer in the city, I was heat to the bone, but weak still when I knew I had to know fairest women in the world classes we expected. Its instincts every-day before the for the self-selves are driving too strong. It was for more good only the body whole. The poor are enough o

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"Please God, we will make it so," said Helen, humbly.

"Grinding Down the Poor." The *Volks Zeitung* is the only out-and-out labor daily paper left in the city. It celebrated its tenth birthday recently. During the rise and fall of the Knights of Labor, a period in which the other newspapers have devoted a good deal of attention to labor topics, the *Volks Zeitung* reporters, who are enthusiastic Socialists, have made the acquaintance of the other reporters and occasionally supplied news to the other papers. They found that the pay of the *Volks Zeitung* reporters was not to be compared with the earnings of the other men. One of them applied to the board of trustees for an increase of salary, but they treated his request lightly, finally disposing of it by saying that they were not making money. This reporter became so unsocialistic as to ask:

"What have I got to do with that? I've no personal interest in the paper."

This reporter's salary is \$15 a week. He wanted it raised to \$17. At the next meeting of the board of trustees the other five reporters asked for an increase of \$2 each a week. The city editor asked for an increase of from \$23 to \$25. The board of trustees said no, they couldn't afford it.

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*New York Sun.*

Dug Up at Pompeii.

One stands absolutely open-mouthed and with starting eyeballs before the cases in the museum which contain the Pompeian lady's rouge pot and the Pompeian doctor's surgical instruments and the pass-out checks for the Pompeian theatre; and the half of one's head stands erect as one comes to a wall in Pompeii and reads what a rude little Pompeian boy had chocked upon it just 79 years after the birth of our Savior.

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WILLIAM SMITH.

Last Sunday morning William Smith, of this city, passed quietly away. There are few men in Michigan to-day who were as well known throughout the State as "Billy" Smith. Sixty-eight years ago he was born at Tiverton, Devonshire, England, and early served his apprenticeship to the butcher's trade. About thirty-six years ago he left England and came to America, settling in Detroit. He opened a meat market, and soon became noted for carrying a fine line of meats, and the artistic manner in which he prepared the cuts for his customers. He was soon on the high road to success. He purchased a farm on Grand River Road, and made a specialty of swine breeding. For this business he seemed especially adapted, and in a few years he had, without doubt, the largest and most complete breeding establishment on the continent. He bred only Berkshires, Suffolks and Essex, and drafts were made from the best breeders of this country and England to improve the strains. When he found a hog that he thought was just what he wanted, he never stopped at the price, but added it to the stock at Rivenswood. In time his stock became noted, and a demand for them was found in almost every State in the Union. For years he swept everything in the way of premiums at the State fair, and later took in the great fair at St. Louis, and others in the West, where he was equally successful. After this reverse came, and he was finally forced to sell out his stock. The sale was one of the most successful ever held in the country; buyers coming from all sections. The stock was disposed of, and "Billy's" occupation was gone. While the venture did not prove a financial success to him personally, yet there is no question but our State was benefited to the extent of thousands of dollars in the improved class of swine which his enterprise introduced among our farmers. To him clearly belongs the credit of being the pioneer in this direction. Mr. Smith was probably one of the best feeders in the country, and turned out some specimens of cattle and hogs which have never been equaled in this State. With a herd of fat cattle and hogs he made several tours of the fairs and swept everything before him.

At late years Mr. Smith has confined himself to the meat trade entirely, and in company with his eldest son, William Jr., carried on a shop on Cadillac Avenue, and the old Marine market on Woodbridge street, where he had been so long located. It was, however, a Christmas time that "Billy" was in his glory. His stall at this time was one of the attractions of the holidays, and thousands visited it to admire the fine line of meats hung up, and the artistic manner in which they were displayed. It was never a question of money, but the securing of the best specimens, and he has shown stalls of meats here that were probably never equalled in this country.

About a year ago Mr. Smith got one of his legs bruised. It never healed up, and finally erysipelas set in. In hopes of saving his life, an amputation was made, but the shock was more than the system could stand, and he gradually sank, dying about one week after the operation.

Mr. Smith was a very genial and companionable man, fond of a joke, and never repined when he was the victim. He was very warm-hearted, and always ready to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate. He leaves a wife to whom he was married about two years ago, two sons and a daughter, all grown up.

## Petinary Department

Destruction of Hair on a Horse by Burning.

OAKLEY, April 24, 1888.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a five-year-old horse which I recently purchased which has been spayed; his hip about the size of a man's hand, caused from the fact which he had while rolling in ashes containing coals of fire. It was burned when he was three years old. Last summer the man who owned him had the burned skin taken off, but the sore is all healed nicely now. Can I grow hair on the spot? If so, how? I have been greasing the spot with lard and kerosene oil. Please answer through the columns of the FARMER and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—Hair originates within a follicle (a little bag, sac or fold) formed by a minute depression of the skin. The burning of the skin has destroyed these hair-producing germs, hence all efforts at restoration will prove failures.

**Goitre in the Horse's Throat—Probably Influenza.**

Williamson, March 28, 1888.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a horse seven years old; his throat has become swollen; two hard bunches have formed in his throat about the size of a hen's egg; it don't seem to be sore; he coughs some and discharges from nose; he has him brash just above where I go to bed and I feed him corn and hay. The horse that I drove with has got a hard bunch in the throat about the size of a hen's egg. Let me know if the other horses will get the same disease. Please answer this in the next issue of the MICHIGAN FARMER.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—From the description of symptoms in your horses we diagnose the tumor in the throat of your two horses as enlargement of the thyroid gland, commonly known as goitre, a common disease in this part of the country, probably imported from Canada. It is an eye-sore, but, unless very large, appears to be of no inconvenience to the animal. Local applications rarely are of much benefit; they may be extirpated by means of the knife, in the hands of a skilled operator; the operation, however, may prove fatal in the hands of the most expert. The horse with cough and nasal discharge has probably a case of influenza, quite common at the present time. Give the following: Gentian root, pulp, two ounces; sulphate iron, pulp, one ounce; nitrate of potassa, pulp, one ounce; Jamaica ginger root, pulp, six drachms. Mix and divide into twelve powders. Give one night and morning in the feed, or mix with syrup to a paste and smear on the tongue, using a wooden handle for the purpose. Give no corn or corn meal to eat. Apply strong iodine ointment to the bunches in the throat once a week.

## Commercial.

### DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, April 7, 1888.

**FLOUR.**—Market quiet, steady and unchanged. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process..... 3 75 23 85  
Michigan patents..... 4 25 63 50  
Minnesota, bakers..... 4 00 63 40  
Rye..... 3 15 63 25  
Low grades..... 2 35 23 85

**WHEAT.**—The market was weak and declining all week up to Friday, when a slight reaction set in and resulted in prices being advanced a little from the lowest point reached. Business is slow and dragging. Other markets were affected in about the same way as our own. Both New York and Chicago are lower than a week ago. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$3 75¢; No. 2 red, \$2 80¢. In futures No. 2 red for May delivery sold at \$2 82¢, June at \$2 82¢, July at \$2 80¢. No. 1 white did not make a record.

**CORN.**—Market was firm yesterday, but values were lower than a week ago. No. 2 sold at \$3 00 for spot and No. 3 at \$2 40¢.

**OATS.**—Market quiet and steady. No. 2 white are now selling at \$3 60¢ and No. 2 mixed at \$3 35¢ bu.

**BARLEY.**—Market firm and unchanged.

No. 2 is selling at \$1 82 61 60 cent, and No. 3 at \$1 48 61 53. Choice sellers at \$1 70 21 75 cent.

**FED.**—By the car-load \$17 60 per ton is quoted all week up to Friday, when a slight reaction set in and resulted in prices being advanced a little from the lowest point reached. Business is slow and dragging. Other markets were affected in about the same way as our own. Both New York and Chicago are lower than a week ago. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$3 75¢; No. 2 red, \$2 80¢. In futures No. 2 red for May delivery sold at \$2 82¢, June at \$2 82¢, July at \$2 80¢. No. 1 white did not make a record.

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**CLOVER SEED.**—The market keeps depressed. Prime spot is quoted at \$3 72 50, and No. 2 at \$3 50. Mammoth sold at \$3 80 per bu.

**TIMOTHY SEED.**—Prime is in fair demand and steady at \$2 75 62 80 per bu. State seed is held a few cents lower.

**RYE.**—Quoted at \$5 00 per bu. in bagged lots. Car-loads are quoted at \$4 62 65 per bu.

**BUTTER.**—Market weaker under increased receipts. Fine lots of dairy command 23¢; good to choice, 21¢ 22¢; ordinary, 16¢ 18¢. Rolls are selling about 1¢ lower than packed. Creamery quoted weak at 25¢ 26¢ per lb.

**CHEESE.**—Market steady at 19¢ 21¢ for Michigan full creams; Ohio, 11¢ 11 1/2¢; New York, 13¢ 14¢; skims, 9¢ 10¢ for choices.

**Eggs.**—Under very light receipts prices are higher. Now quoted at 19¢ 20¢ per doz. for fresh, but dealers are afraid of the market.

**FOREIGN FRUITS.**—Lemons, Messinas, \$1 box, \$3 25 23 50; oranges, Messinas, \$1 25 24 75 per box; Florida, \$1 box, \$1 00 25 60; cocoanuts, \$1 100, \$0 60 65 50; bananas, yellow, \$1 bunch, \$2 63. Figs, 11¢ 12¢ for layers, 14¢ 16¢ for fancy; Malaga grapes, \$1 75 26 80 per kg.

**BRASS.**—Quoted at \$2 40 22 45 per bu. in car lots for city picked mediums. From store prices are \$2 45 24 50 per bu. Unpicked, \$1 25 22 00. Market dull.

**DRIED APPLES.**—Market steady at 6¢ 7¢ for common, and 8¢ 9¢ for evaporated. Demand fair.

**SALT.**—Michigan, 83¢ per bbl. in car lots, or 87¢ in 10-bbl. lots; dairy, \$1 20 per bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 72¢.

**BALED HAY AND STRAW.**—Timothy in car lots is quoted as follows: ♀ ton: Prime \$1 11 50 24 21; do. No. 3, \$1 00 20 10; mixed \$1 00 10; mixed \$1 00 10; clover \$1 00 10; grass \$1 00 10; straw \$1 00 10. These prices are for first hands. Market firm.

**POTATOES.**—Market fairly active at the following range for car lots: Burbank, \$5 00 per box, \$3 25 23 50; oranges, Messinas, \$1 25 24 75 per box; Florida, \$1 box, \$1 00 25 60; cocoanuts, \$1 100, \$0 60 65 50; bananas, yellow, \$1 bunch, \$2 63. Figs, 11¢ 12¢ for layers, 14¢ 16¢ for fancy; Malaga grapes, \$1 75 26 80 per kg.

**HONEY.**—Marked dull; now quoted at 15 16¢ for choice comb and 10¢ for extracted.

**MAPLE SUGAR.**—New stock is quoted at 15 16¢ for choice comb and 10¢ for extracted.

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**HIDES.**—Green, 5¢ 6¢; tan, 6¢ 7¢; green, 5¢ 6¢; cured, 6¢ 7¢; green calf, 6¢ 7¢; salted, do, 6¢ 7¢; sheep-skins, 50¢ 60¢ 50¢ each; bull, steer and grubby hides 1¢ off.

**ONIONS.**—In good demand at \$1 75 20 22 per bu. Market firm owing to scarcity of sound stock. Bermudas quoted at \$1 40 per bu. crated.

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